THE CRUELTY OF WAR.

HEROIC DEATHS OF TWO DEVOTED FRENCH LOVERS IN 1871.

An Episode of the Great Franco-Prussian Conflict—The Romance of the Youthful Pair Revealed by the Death of the Father of the Young Soldier.

In the cemetery of Père Lachaise, in Paris, the remains of an old man were interred to rest a few months ago, and not remarkable as my article may be every years ago.

This man passed Père Delanne who lived here for years one of the most popular Sunday afternoon in the city of Paris. Few people knew his history, for he rarely spoke to anyone.

He was, however, well known to the poor quarter of Paris, where he resided entirely alone in a modest apartment. The old man had a sweetheart, who lived in a better way in comparative comfort, but he was so independent that he frequently gave the last few sous he possessed to the poor. Thus he was always called, Jean Dé and not he would then have to borrow a few francs from the shopkeepers until he received the next installment.

Although it was generally known in the district that the old man survived no only was who had been killed by the Prussians during the war, but few knew the origin of a story from one his whole world seemed to have a romance.

In the same little cemetery of the Père Lachaise lies this one will find two graves side by side. A headstone at the top of one bears the name Andre Delanne, and a verse written in French underneath that he died for his country. That much is the epitaph which is the remains of the very son of poor Père Delanne.

At the time of the declaration of the Franco-Prussian war the old man, Alphonse Delanne, was living quietly with his only son, Andre, upon their little farm, situated between the Gonesse and Flaury. The youth was but sixteen years of age, and his mother, lying dead in his infancy, the whole of the care old man's affection was centered in the boy. When the dread war about force some young Delanne, who was a lieutenant in the cavalry, was sent, determined to enter the army to defend his country against the Prussians. Time were stirring times, and the corps which young Andre joined was ordered to the front, and the lad went away to the frontier after making an affectionate adieu to his father.

PATTING OF THE COLOR.

Andre had a sweetheart, a beautiful young girl of seventeen, who lived some miles from the home of his father, and he was allowed by special permission of his colonel to go and bid her farewell ere he engaged actively for the theatre of the war. The parting to the young lover was a most affecting one, and Andre's mother who had seen him depart in peace as a tribute of her son, made he hope, as he gave her a final embrace before starting off on a short midnight to join his regiment, which he knew orders to march at daybreak.

It would be making the tale too long to follow the fortunes of young Andre during the war, but suffice it to say that he behaved with conspicuous bravery in several engagements. Twice, however, met with the same of the Gonesse young girl and young Andre was mortally wounded in a fierce engagement near Chizy while serving the life of a wounded officer of his regiment who had been stripped of half a dozen Germans. He knew that Alsace-Lorraine was lost—he expatriated himself until his ex—and he desperately he made his way to the house of his father, and to bid her farewell before he died. The undertaking was a dangerous one, for the country was overrun with Germans who had entered Monthey and established a camp near the residence of his sweetheart, between the Gonesse and Flaury.

Young Delanne knew the country well, and by the exercise of great caution managed to elude his foes. He painfully dragged himself through the woods and by paths known only to natives of that part of France, and thus was able to reach the house of his beloved unperceived. The young girl, Jeanne Bernier, lived in a pretty white farmhouse surrounded with vineyards, with a spacious yard in front.

A MEANS OF ENTRY.

On the eve of a hot summer day the dying soldier arrived at the gate with his embrown blood stained, torn and covered with dust, and his face was ghastly with pain. Poor Andre knew he had no more hours to live, for the blood ooze again he gathered to drive from the mouth of the Germans to bleed had caused his breast. He could not open the door, so he broke the glass in one of the windows, and running it quietly, entered the house and made his way to the room where he knew he would find his Jeanne. On opening the door, he saw his lover—a fair young girl, weeping, terrified, in the arms of a Prussian officer. Andre, maddened with rage, blood thirsty as any Zulu, drew his pistol, or rather in the scramble he had left his sabre in the scramble, and fired one shot at the young girl, who rolled over dead on the floor with a bullet in her heart.

The young scoundrel had hardly time to embrace each other when a body of Prussian soldiers, who had heard the report of the pistol, burst into the house and entered the room. When they saw the French soldier and their dead officer lying on the floor, they dragged the dying soldier from the side of the slaughtered girl, and taking his sabre placed him roughly against the wall for instant execution. It was in vain that Jeanne pleaded with Andre's captors to let him die in peace. The soldiers pushed her aside and a file of soldiers were drawn up who levelled their guns at the prisoner, and the young man whose life blood was welling forth over his brave scarred uniform and dripping on the ground.

With an supreme effort the youth straightened his back against the wall, and defiantly facing his foes exclaimed, "I die for my country and for Jeanne Bernier!" While the men were waiting ready to fire Jeanne crept closer and closer, and when our age the eye of the man in charge of the firing party about to give the final order, she rushed to with outstretched arms as if to shield her lover, and ere the smoke cleared away there was a fresh corpse on the ground, each pierced with mortal bullets.

The lovers were buried side by side in the grave in the little cemetery of the Gonesse, the lads, with a tombstone at the head of each.—Paris Cor. Continental Times-Star.

He Never Thanked That War.

Mr. Crimmicks—Ticket for Pressent, Bootle Idea?

Agent—Air line?

Mr. Crimmicks—Bless it, no! Bloomsbury.—Judge.

Debt of England.

Two hundred years ago the national debt amounted to only $804,282, with an annual charge of $767,853. At the commencement of the American war it had risen to $130,000,000, and at the close to $250,000,000. The great Revolutionary war raised the amount to the stupendous sum of $800,000,000, and in 1817 the national debt reached its highest point—namely, $840,000,000. Our big war majority weight is less been largely reduced, and now stands at about $700,000,000, with an annual charge of $26,000,000.—Chambers Journal

A WET SADDLE.

Rudolf Informs That a Pair of This Name Elected to a Parmer Seat.

The great Sandman is abloge with light Dribblings from every room. Low voices come beneath the beds of and things the long breathe the lies into our pillows.

From the hall come happy voices, joyous laughing.

Let us stand, unobserved, in the open door.

What a happy, merry lot of young folks—stalwart, handsome young men and healthy maidens!

They are ranged round the walls with rapidly diminishing piles of corn before them, which they husk and throw upon the golden heap which is growing in the center.

Ah! That young man has found a pet ear in his pile! He begs to his lost and dishes at one of the prettiest girls! A short chase—a struggle—a resounding smack—and it is done. He has kissed her—may be on the cheek or her back hair, but that doesn't matter; she seems it all the same.

How happy they all seem.

But see. Over there in a dark corner sits a tall, powerful, handsome fellow all alone. He speaks to nobody unless addressed, and then his answers are short and curtsy.

Your and anon he casts a piercing glance at a young man of about his own age who sits at the end of the row opposite, chatting with a pretty young girl. His face darkens. There is your lie in his eyes. He is in love, perhaps, and jealous.

The husk rings for supper just as the husking is done, and the husker jump up and scamper pell-mell toward the house, but the tall, handsome young man remains seated and drops his face into both hands with something that sounds like a sob.

For a long time he sits thus alone; then a light, hurried step is heard, and a sweet voice girl asks:

"Joe, what is the matter? Had trouble with Mary? You haven't spoken to me tonight hardly. Sick? Better come in to supper. It will do you good, maybe."

"No, sis, it ain't that."

"Tell me, Joe," said his sister kindly.

"Well," he answer, "I've got on my this pants—I did. Dribbin over—that was a nail or a shade in its saddle."

And the stalwart young bagwad Adonis broke down and shed a drenching shower of salt and bitter tears.—Short Stories.

Why the Dog Recognized It.

I called on a certain portrait painter in Indianapolis. We had gone to school together. Since then he has acquired a national reputation as an artist. I complimented him on his life-like work. "Yes," he replied, "I suppose it is creditable now, but it was not always so. I remember the first job I ever had. A wealthy lady came to me and said she had her full length portrait painted. I did the best I could, but that was nothing to brag of. When the lady came to look at the picture she gave a cry of disappointment.

"'Why, there's not at all like me,' she said. 'I shall not take it.'

"I assured her it was a perfect likeness, and declared that even her little poodle would recognize it. 'I am willing to take that risk,' she said. 'I'll bring my dog this afternoon and if he recognizes me I'll take the picture.' Later in the day she brought in her canine, and the superciliary little animal, after surveying the portrait for a moment, sat up and licked the painted head. My lady took the picture without any further objections."

"But the likeness must have been striking," I said, "to deceive the dog."

"Not necessarily," replied the artist. "I took the precaution of rubbing a piece of bologna sausage over the head before the dog arrived."—Philadelphia Times.

Poisons.

The most familiar poison is probably morphia or some similar narcotic. Prussic acid is the most rapidly fatal of all poisons in its action. Chemical tests can now be applied to detect with great certainty poison in food or water, and in the body after death. If scientific examination and judicial inquest be possible, almost any poison can be detected after death, either by the lesions produced in the organs affected or by the extraction from the corpse of the victim of the poison itself, and by a study of the properties. As for poisoning being a lost art preserved in a higher degree of perfection by the Italians and others, that belief is a fancy. The people of any other age could have taught us nothing new in that regard. The poisons of the Borgias would not now be considered beyond detection, or, in fact, at all difficult.—New York Ledger.

He Was Fresh but Obtuse.

A merchant in St. Louis had been annoyed by a New York drummer until he told him the time had come to give him a lesson. He gave the man in every other respect, but his bedroom was then overburdened by its owner. One day when he was in the room the merchant called him to step into the back office. "I've got something to show you that will do you good if you will take it."

Together they walked back, and then suddenly the merchant opened his vest, and over the front of his shirt he had a placard fastened on which was printed in large letters:

"Fresh—no fresh."

The drummer broke into a hearty laugh, and dropping the merchant on the back, said: "That's a good one. That fills the bill exactly. Say, let me have that for tonight, will you? I know a fellow up at the hotel who needs that very badly. He's the hottest duck you ever saw. Let me have it, and I will spring it on him when the boys are all there."

The merchant gave up after that. He said, "Another fleet of a custom would do that fellow any good."—Dry Goods Retailer and Buyers' Guide

Whiskers.

"You may shave them off—all, all," said a stout man with a wealth of brown beard, as he sadly drew into the room with depths of a barber shop in the Hotel Flores and sighed hollowly as the barber picked up the clippings shaven. "I have been wedded to death by my beard," the man moan explained, "and I'm tired of it. You may give me a clean shave." He had been refused to another on "Whiskers" that it had made him tired. That was why he brought a clean shave and expressed his beautiful blonde chin yesterday. It was the fashion that a man overpowering spirit than "Whiskers" cannot be applied to a man. He regards the use of a word which describes his personal adornments a thousand times more indignantly than he would a word of brutal and humiliating significance. The word whiskers has become so thoroughly identified with thing that its use is any way as all by a comedian means keys to call out a burst of laughter from an audience.

Men who wear whiskers are often gayed by the small boys in the street, particularly if the wind is strong. The whole of the male, however, seems to be based on sensible ground. There is a certain amount of attractiveness about a well trimmed and symmetrical mustache, and a lock of martial display is often imparted by a mustache and imperial. Men wear close trimmed and gracefully fashioned beards to add good effect, and the beards are often a great protection to delicate throats. But there is no reason except sole gentle vanity for the cultivation and nurture of long side whiskers, which are always in the way, and invariably make a man look like an amiable caricature of the late lamented Lord Dundreary.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

All Around the Moon.

There is upon the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, just below Conewago, the connecting station of the Lebanon railroad, a house standing near the broad steel belt, in which every side can be seen when the hand soaps slides by as the train speeds over the rails. This is an historic old mansion of stone, which has withstood the winds and winters of a century. Just as the train takes the sharp curve below Conewago cutting the eastern side of the mansion loomed into view, and as the distance lessened the numbers walls and windows seem to turn toward the eye.

In another instant, as the curve still winds, the western end takes the place of the northern, and while the lens lense speeds on in its rapid passage the train gives another turn and brings the northern side of the house into plain view. This is regarded as a curiosity by railroad men, and though few of the thousands who travel between the east and the west know of this curious house, it is always interesting to hear the engineer talk through the noise and rattle of the train to his fireman, telling him for the thousandth time that "that 'ere crazy house is leaning up before."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Why People Like Each Other.

One of the first and longest steps of progress toward intimate acquaintance is made by the discovery of some point of agreement. No matter how small it may be it serves to a certain extent. Jones, who does not like butter, may find that Brown has a similar distaste for it. Suddenly a gleam of friendly recognition dawns from the eyes of each. However slight and weak, there is a link of human sympathy between them. They may even remember each other, although they never met again, simply because neither likes butter. Then, if it should transpire that there are other points of agreement, the lighted sparks and confidence deepens. Brown and Jones are cronies for life.

Or it may not be Brown and Jones, it may be John and Arabella; then more may come of it, as in the case of the pair in the "Story of an African Farm," wherein the lady asks the swain, "Did you ever have convulsions when you were a baby?" "Yes," said the young man. "Strange," said she; "I had convulsions too; wonderful that we should be so much alike!" And agreement progresses to matrimony.—Boston Transcript.

When Knowledge Is Valuable.

The faculty of having one's mind pigeon holed is of great value. Some people have their mental bookcases and stereotypes pigeon-holes with a mass of material, all valuable, perhaps, in its way, but jumbled up and piled together so that when any one thing is wanted it is not to be had without overhauling ten times as much other material, which, however valuable it may be in itself, has no particular use at the moment of search. Other people can lay their mental hands on any particular fact or fancy at a moment's notice, and can keep on pulling out other facts and fancies of the same general character until they have told or found all they have in their mind. There is such a thing as an embarrassment of riches in one's mental treasury as well as in matters material.—New York Continent.

Hard Work Will Come.

An able man, himself a hard worker, has said, "Fourteen hours' hard work a day will make any man a genius," and in this he has added a new epigram to the world's store. It is the plodder who "gets there." This is to be considered an argument in favor of "patience." Be patiering and plodding are as far apart as night and morning. It is simply a point in recognition of the merits of profitableness as a virtue.—New York Continent.

Hot Enough.

"What sort of a man is young Collier?" asked the tailor at the commercial agency.

"Well—" pausing on our fat "Thinks—" pausing on our fat "Thinks—" "—all I want to know. I've enough persuading young men on my books now to bankrupt a dozen more."—Massey's Weekly.

Scrofula

In the blood manifests itself most general of all diseases, manifesting itself in entirely from head to toe, which humanity is subject to suffering them. Great sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goiter, humor in the eyes, causing scores of total blindness, have yield to the potent effects of this medicine. It thoroughly purifies every trace of impurity from the blood and builds up the enfeebled system.

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